

## FINGER PRINTS ARE SOLE CLUE IN MURDER MYSTERY

Assassin Who Beat John  
Whiteford in Lodge Room  
Left Telltale Marks.

FOUGHT HARD FOR LIFE.

Old Saloon-Keeper Murdered  
for Jewels and Money, Prob-  
ably by Gang.

Prints left by four finger tips and the  
ball of a thumb of a left hand comprise  
the sole, tangible clue to the murder  
of John Whiteford, proprietor of the sal-  
oon and meeting room at Willowbury  
and Jay streets, Brooklyn, early today.  
The marks were left by the murderer  
on the frame of a door leading to the  
meeting room on the second floor where  
Whiteford's body was found at 5 o'clock  
this morning.

A section of the woodwork, six by  
eighteen inches, containing the possible  
identification of Whiteford's slayer, was  
sawed out from the frame, and Expert  
Morris Eklie, at Brooklyn Police  
headquarters, searched the Bertillon  
records to-day for duplicates of the tel-  
ltale marks. The thumb print is quite  
distinct and gave promise of identifica-  
tion. Second Deputy Commissioner  
thoroughly personally took up the slen-  
der trail, as well as Inspector Russell of  
the Detective Bureau, Capt. Coughlin  
and Kuhn and Detective Lieutenants  
Rodey and Murray.

Assassins Hid in Dark.  
Every known fact in connection with  
the mystery indicates that Whiteford  
was the victim of an assassin or assass-  
ins who, fully posted regarding his  
habits and hidden in the meeting room,  
which he always visited after closing  
his saloon, had been armed with black-  
jacks or sandbags and had stepped from  
a dark nook and attacked the vic-  
tim. Whiteford's nose was crushed and  
his skull and jaw were fractured by  
powerful blows. In the fight his as-  
sailants had torn down a door behind  
which he sought safety.

Coroner's Physician Hartung dis-  
covered, through an autopsy, that despite  
Whiteford's terrible wounds, death was  
caused by choking.

The motive, undoubtedly, was robbery,  
for Whiteford habitually wore a \$500  
diamond stud and a ring of the same  
value, and carried a roll of from \$25  
to \$50. None of these was seen when  
the body was found, and it was prob-  
ably when John Kerrigan, a bartender,  
found his slain employer as he opened  
the place.

Whiteford was seen shortly before 1  
o'clock this morning in the back room  
of his saloon by Charles St. John, of  
No. 18 Lawrence street, a stage driver  
at the Columbia Theatre. The saloon-  
keeper was alone and was washing up  
apparently preparing to closing the  
place.

The room where he was killed took  
up the entire second floor. A meeting  
of a palatine union was held there last  
night, but all who attended had de-  
parted at 10:30 o'clock, at which time a  
hanger-on in the place, who has not  
been identified, went up and closed the  
windows. A side entrance to the build-  
ing, however, gave access to the second  
floor room without the need of passing  
through the saloon. The door to this  
hallway was rarely looked upon by White-  
ford's final assailants, and it is prob-  
able it would have been easy for an  
assassin or a gang to have sneaked up-  
stairs unobserved.

Fought Hard for Life.  
John Whiteford had for thirty-  
five years been a popular figure in the  
life of Brooklyn that centres about the  
Borough Hall section. He became prop-  
rietor of the saloon twenty years ago,  
after effecting "retirement" as bar-  
tender. Habitually genial, he never-  
theless had a well-earned reputation  
as a rough-and-tumble fighter, when  
occasion demanded, who could "lick his  
weight in wildcats." He must have  
fought hard for his life, as the condi-  
tion of his arms, shouldered, and it is  
probable that more than one per-  
son attacked him.

The scene of the murder is about 400  
feet from where Charles Bartuch, son  
of a wealthy Park Slope resident, was  
attacked, robbed and thrown under a  
steep, while on his way from a lodge  
meeting two months ago. Bartuch  
died of his injuries in the same street  
police station, where he was locked up  
as drunk.

The murder of Whiteford is almost  
identical with that of Saloonkeeper  
McNally, who was killed seven years  
ago in his place at North Oxford street  
and Park avenue. Whiteford's saloon  
is on the corner of a cheap Tenderloin  
section and near the "Black Belt,"  
which has been denounced by Judges  
Pawcett and Dike. It is two short  
blocks from the Adams street police  
station.

WOODRUFF'S DIRE WARNING.

Business Continues as Bad as  
New Republicans Will Suffer.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—Former Re-  
publican State Chairman Timothy L.  
Woodruff of New York brought some  
dire predictions to the White House to-  
day.

"If business conditions continue as  
bad as they are now," said Mr. Wood-  
ruff, "the Democratic party stands an  
excellent show to carry the State in the  
Presidential campaign. That is due to  
the practice of business interests in  
blaming the party in power for famine,  
drought and all other natural and un-  
natural disturbances."

"The reciprocity agreement," said Mr.  
Woodruff, "has made President Taft  
popular in the cities, particularly in  
New York. But the farmers are yelling  
'bloody murder,' and it remains to be  
seen whether or not they will come  
around by election time."

## Novelist Oppenheim Still Seeks to Create His Ideal of a Woman

She Must Be Very Womanly and Capricious and Hard  
to Conquer and Have Brains, but There Is No  
Telling What She Is Likely to Do.

The New York Woman Has the Face and Figure of a  
Saxon but the Clothes of a French Woman, and  
She Knows How to Wear Them.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

"Women are distracting creatures," observed Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.  
But lately landed on our shores, this British author of "The Long Arm of Manister," "Anna, the Adventuress," "A Prince of Sinners" and some seventeen other novels, which have been widely read in the United States, was seated in the Waldorf-Astoria when he made his cryptic announcement concerning women.  
"A man's life—his thoughts, actions and feelings are governed by a few well known laws. A man is much more mechanical, less subtle, than a woman. Another man can always understand him, can divine what under given circumstances he is going to do."

"In writing a story now I get to have a friendly feeling for my men charac-  
ters—when I am finished, I want to shake hands and say, 'Goodby, old chap. Won't you have a cocktail or something before you go?'"

But women are my great dim-  
culties. I don't know what to do with them. If the public would let me I'd write altogether about men. I've never created a feminine character that satisfied me—never one for whom I have the cordial feeling some of my men inspire in me. You see, you women are so lawless, or rather each one of you makes her own laws, and it is impossible for a man to know any woman well enough to know what under all circumstances she will be likely to feel or say or do.

"But most men undervalue women reduced to such an easy formula," I said, "ac-  
cording to which it is every woman's aim and end to get married, and they solve everything which puzzles or dis-  
concerts them by falling back upon that idea."

Formula-Made Heroines.  
"Oh, yes, formulas are easy," Mr. Oppenheim answered. "If I could make heroines according to a formula, I sup-  
pose I should be better satisfied with them. But as yet I've never succeeded in drawing my ideal of a woman."

"And that is?"  
It is not often that an Englishman will describe the ideal woman the very first time you meet him, and I could see Mr. Oppenheim approached the subject with a certain diffidence.  
"The ideal woman," you know, should be very feminine, very womanly," Mr. Oppenheim re-  
plied, "and very, very capricious. She must be very hard to conquer, but utterly conquered when you get it done. And, by way of variety, she must be very conquered for ever. One should be obliged to start all over again every little while."

There was a pause, and for several moments it seemed as if Mr. Oppenheim's ideal was woman before street, coupled as it was with Pygmalion's. Then, like Pygmalion, he brought himself that she must have a soul.

Must Have Brains, Too.  
"Really," he said, with what seemed a slight note of apology in his voice, "I think she must have a brain—a good brain. That's the only thing that will keep a man interested for any length of time. A man won't love his whole life and soul to a woman unless she has the brain to understand him, to be his companion in every sense."

"Do you know, I should say the most important quality for a woman to possess is a sense of humor. After all, a sense of humor is only a sense of proportion. It keeps a man from being over-emphatic, from boring, you know. Yes, that's it—the ideal woman is one whose sense of humor keeps her under all conditions from being a bore."

"Do you think you will ever portray a sufrageette?" I asked.

No Interest in Suffragettes.  
Mr. Oppenheim looked a trifle pained.  
"Dear me," he said, "people aren't interested in 'em. Just before I sailed for America I attended the first per-  
formance of a play by Jerome K. Jerome dealing with the suffrage ques-  
tion. I forget the title just now, but it fell rather flat."

"You won't be too hard on me, now will you?" asked Mr. Oppenheim, as though impelled to sudden candor. "To write about, you know, sufrageettes are about as interesting as dead cats."  
"There's no reason now why a spinster owning property or a widow with no husband to represent her shouldn't vote just as well as a man," Mr. Oppenheim added. "But that two persons in one house should each have a vote seems to me ridiculous. But don't be hard on me. I didn't know the women were interested in the suffrage question over here."

"I've just been up to the Rita-Carlson for lunch," said Mr. Oppenheim, "and I found what a lot of you women lunch with each other, don't they? Now in England a woman lunching would have her man along. But here young girls of twenty or twenty-five lunch with each other. Really it was quite a bewildering sight—all those pretty women in pretty hats luncheon together, and I almost the only man in the place. Why, it was like Paradise!"  
"Looking at your women, you know I can't make up my mind whether I'm in London or Paris."

"You have the face and figures of Saxon women, but the clothes of French women. And you wear them like French women. There are, of course, English women who get their clothes in Paris, but they don't put them on so well. They're more careless, not so neat as you are."

"I like to go about in the restaurants of strange cities," Mr. Oppenheim added. "I've got many of my plots in restaurants just watching a little party at one of the tables. I begin to wonder what they met for—that they are saying to each other—and before I know it I have a story."

## Some Observations on Women by Visiting British Author

ON NEW YORK WOMEN:  
You have the faces and figures of Saxon women, but the clothes of French women.  
There are, of course, English women who get their clothes in Paris, but they don't put them on so well. They're more careless, not so neat as you are.  
WOMEN IN GENERAL:  
The most important quality for woman to possess is a sense of humor. The ideal woman is one whose sense of humor keeps her from being a bore.  
The ideal woman should be very feminine and very capricious. She must be hard to conquer, but utterly conquered when you get it done. And by way of variety she may not stay conquered forever.  
Women are so lawless it is impossible for a man to know what they will feel or say or do.

## STRIKE RIGHT NOW, BEEF TRUST LOSES, MAYOR TELLS CITY FERRY EMPLOYEES SHERMAN ACT IS UPHELD BY COURT

And You'll Never Work for Demurrers of the Indicted  
New York Again, Adds Gay-  
nor, Angered by Threat. Packers Overruled and All  
Must Stand Trial.

"I have been informed that you threaten to strike unless one of your men is put back to work. If that is so, I've got to say to you that you can go ahead, right now, and strike, and when you do strike I assure you that, so long as I remain at the head of the City Government, you will never work for the city. You understand that, I trust. Now go ahead and strike."

Mayor Gaynor used unusual emphasis when he thus addressed a delegation of the Municipal Ferry employees to-day at City Hall. The men complained that Chief Engineer Wilson had been dismissed from the service by Dock Commissioner Tomkins on the alleged complaint of preferring unfounded charges against a subordinate.

"We came here because we understood from you yesterday that you would give your decision on our complaint," said one of the men.  
"Do you expect I have nothing else to do but give decisions on your complaints?" demanded the Mayor. "Do you imagine that I can give a decision in half an hour? Do you think that I have nothing else to do than to take up your troubles?"

"As I understand this case," continued the Mayor, "Wilson was tried by Dock Commissioner Tomkins, and as a result of the evidence, was dismissed. Now you rush up to the City Hall and want me to override the decision of the Commissioner and you ask me to re-  
lax the decision on your complaint. I think it is the height of impudence for you to come here and ask me to interfere with that procedure."

"I intend to look into your case, but until then let me say to you that if you want to strike go ahead and strike."

The Mayor had required the men to give their names before he addressed them. They were recorded as William F. Yates, Philip J. O'Reilly, Edgar I. Lohman, John R. Fairbanks and Edward McMahon.

Turning to Yates, the Mayor asked, "Are you employed in the Dock Department?"  
"I am not, Mr. Mayor. I came here to represent the men."

"Then what have I to do with you? I don't care who you are here who is employed in the Dock Department?" demanded the Mayor.

Impetuously O'Reilly advanced and began, "We called, as Mr. Yates has said, to get your decision, Mr. Mayor." It was then the Mayor declared himself.  
William F. Yates, with whom the Mayor refused to treat, is National President of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association. He did not reveal his official designation or represent himself as a union man while at the City Hall.

Has Poe's Engagement Ring.  
NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 12.—The engagement of Edgar Allen Poe, the poet, figured in the inventory of the estate of Mrs. Eliza Poe Hayden, died in the Probate Court here to-day. The poet gave the ring to a Mrs. Sheldon Richmond, Va., whom he was on his way to visit when he died at Baltimore. Mrs. Hayden was a second cousin of the poet. The inventor of the ring is Mrs. Susan Mower of this city.

## FIREBUG'S BLAZE OVERCOMES FIVE BRAVE FIREMEN

Capt. O'Connor and James  
Ridding Hurried to Bellevue.  
Three Others Rescued.

SAVED BY "BILL" CLARK.

Windsor Fire Hero Directs the  
Rescuers—Death Plot Re-  
sult of Feud.

A fire, murderously started by re-  
vengeful pushcart peddlers, in a cellar at No. 20 East Thirty-fourth street early to-day put the lives of a score to danger. Two city firemen were at the point of death in Bellevue Hospital within an hour after the fire started, and three more were carried back to their quarters semi-conscious.

There would have been a great loss of life, Deputy Chief "Smoky Joe" Martin said after the fire, had it not been for the bravery and quick wit of Capt. Bill Clark of Truck No. 7, who received medals for his reckless heroism in saving lives at the Hotel Windsor fire.

Alexander Donnell, the owner of the house, who lives in the second floor apartment, found the hall full of smoke when he went home at 1:30 o'clock this morning. He ran down to the floor be-  
low the street level. Smoke and flames were pouring out of a cellar doorway. Frightened, Donnell ran to the street, leaving the outer door open.

In the first basement apartments John Collier, a pushcart peddler, hoarded six other men who have since been freed and candy selling near the Thirty-fourth street ferry. Other peddlers of the district have complained that Collier and his boarders were unduly favored by the police.

An investigation by the Marshal after the fire was over showed that an as-  
sassin had built a bonfire with benzine in the sub-basement under the room where the seven peddlers slept. The benzine can had been thrown on top of the heap of kindling.

Fireman George Chadwick, Alfred Buchanan and John Doyle of Engine No. 21, led by Capt. O'Connor, rushed down the cellar stairs, followed by the men of Truck 7. The first man of the second lot to go down came staggering back waving his arms blindly before his face.

Capt. Clark pushed his men back, all but James Ridding, who had been dashed down the stairs. He came back with George Chadwick of Engine No. 21 in his arms. The fire had melted the lead pipes of the gas meter in the sub-cellar and the principal danger was not from the flames themselves but from the poisonous flood of gas which was pouring along the ceiling to the stairway entrance.

They brought out Doyle first. He is the man who rescued Capt. Sumner of Engine Company No. 18 from suffoca-  
tion in the fire in the cellar of the old Martin House, in Fourteenth street, and Twenty-eighth street, and broke the rick for the dying. Then they were taken to their quarters after being resuscitated.

Lord Mayor of Dublin  
Asks Votes for Women.  
Appears in Parliament With Other  
Officials and Urges Passage of  
Law at This Session.

LONDON, May 12.—The advocate of woman's suffrage gave their outside an-  
nual boost in the House of Commons to-day when Lord Mayor John J. Far-  
rell, at the head of a deputation from the Corporation of Dublin presented at the bar of the House a petition urging the present session of Parliament.

The members of the deputation ap-  
peared in the full regalia of their offices and the ceremony was attended with picturesque details.

AMERICAN WOMAN GOLF  
CHAMPION IS BEATEN.

Mrs. Ross Defeats Miss Dorothy  
Campbell on Links in Ireland.

LONDON, May 12.—Mrs. Ross, who on three occasions held the British women's golf championship title, to-day de-  
feated Miss Dorothy Campbell, the American and Canadian champion, on the links of the Royal Port Rush Golf Club in Ireland. The round ended even, and on playing the nineteenth Mrs. Ross made the hole in four splendid strokes.

Miss Campbell, who won the Ameri-  
can championship two years in suc-  
cession, is also a former holder of both the British and Scotch titles.

WANTS \$25,000 FOR JILT.

Pretty Agnes Fricke Sues, Alleging  
Ostrander Is Fickle.

Agnes Fricke, pretty and nineteen years old, of No. 22 Sheridan avenue, Brooklyn, has begun suit against James Ostrander for breach of promise and asks \$25,000. In her application in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, to-day to have her father, Herman, appointed guardian ad litem, she swore that Ostrander proposed to her in July, 1910, and gave her a big solitaire engagement ring. In February last, according to her affidavit, James called the engagement off. Justice Putnam granted the application.

## THREE-YEAR-OLD SAVED FROM HOOFS OF TEAM BY MOTHER.



## MOTHER PLUNGES BENEATH HORSES' HOOF TO SAVE SON

Mrs. Magid Is Painfully Injured  
as She Huris Child Out  
of Danger.

Mrs. Annie Magid, twenty-three years of age, of No. 321 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, lived under the hoofs of a team of horses to-day, saved her little son, Meyer Magid, and threw him to safety in a pool of safety be-  
neath the hoofs of a team of horses to-day.

Mrs. Magid had been to a neigh-  
borhood drug store and was returning to her home laden with bundles. Meyer, who is three years old, ran along in front of his mother. At One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and Broadway the crossing is at the foot of a hill.

An express wagon belonging to the New York and Boston Dispatch Com-  
pany was coming down the hill. The little boy ran into the street before the team. The driver did not have time to stop his horses and the mother, seeing the child's danger, dropped her bundles and dived after the little fellow.

She got the boy by one arm and hurled him with unusual strength to the sidewalk. The child, on his hands and knees, crawled to the curb and sustained a painful cut. As the mother threw the child to safety the hoofs of one of the horses struck her and she went down to the street. The driver, whose name was not learned, was able to check his team before she was run over and he aided her to the sidewalk. There a large crowd collected and was inclined to attack the driver.

"Don't hurt him," said the wounded woman, "it was not his fault."  
Then Dr. Hook came from Lincoln Hospital and dressed the woman's wounds. He said that she had a badly lacerated shoulder and internal injuries, but Mrs. Magid insisted upon going to her home, where she might be treated by her own physician.

TWO ON TRIAL FOR TRYING  
TO BRIBE PROCESS SERVER.

Court Will Decide Whether Prin-  
cipal Witness Is Public Official,  
as Indictment Says.

A question whether process server is a public official came up for adju-  
dication before Justice McCall today when the cases of Herman Rosenthal and Lena Vitall, prominent East Side sportsmen, were called. Indictments against the duo charge the bribing of Emil Kling, a process server attached to District Attorney Jerome's office. Abe Levy, for the defendants, contends that the indictment is defective, because it reads public official, and that Kling was only a process server.

It is charged that Vitall approached Kling and asked him to "trip off" \$10,000 on gambling, which Kling refused. A price of \$10 for each "trip" was agreed on, it is charged. This arrangement was ratified by Rosenthal, the pro-  
secution contends, although Rosenthal did not figure in the actual money transaction. Twice Kling telephoned about raids and reached \$5, which he promptly turned over to the then Assistant District Attorney, Magistrate Daniel Murphy.

Magistrate Murphy, Inspector Russell and a number of persons prominent in the gambling atmosphere of the East Side were present as witnesses and spectators.

Dix Has Hope for Income Tax.  
ALBANY, May 12.—Gov. Dix believes the Assembly Judiciary Committee will report favorably the Wagner resolution ratifying the proposed income tax amendment to the Federal Constitution. Chairman Levy of the committee has expressed the opinion that the com-  
mittee may suggest that the wording of the amendment be changed.

## TAKING MONEY FROM MEN CHARGED AGAINST SEMANSKY

Firemen of Hook and Ladder  
Company Tell of Demands  
by Assistant Foreman.

Assistant Foreman Louis Semansky of Hook and Ladder Company No. 29 was suspended by Fire Commissioner Waldo today pending trial next Thursday on charges of collecting money, or trying to collect money, from the men of his company for his own personal use. This charge is the culmination of a series of charges and counter charges that have been tried out in the Fire Department and elsewhere, with Semansky on one side and former Civil Service Commissioner Richard Welling on the other.

A long time ago Mr. Welling was passing the house of Hook and Ladder No. 29 and found occasion to criticize the way some hay was being stored. He claims that Semansky assaulted him and preferred charges against him. Mr. Welling proved to be a persistent and consistent provocateur and caused Semansky a lot of trouble.

Fireman James J. Hassett of Hook and Ladder No. 29 was on trial last week on charges preferred by Semansky that Hassett was taking money from the apparatus door after the sounding of an alarm. Hassett told Commissioner Waldo that Semansky was hounding him because he had refused to "give up."

Commissioner Waldo caused an investi-  
gation to be made which resulted in the arrest of Semansky. Hook and Ladder No. 29, being based on trial today charged with trying to collect money from the men of the company. Hassett made the following statement:  
"Assistant Foreman Semansky told me last night to pay his lawyer for defending him on the Welling charges and he thought the men ought to share the expense. He instructed me to go to the men of the company and ask them to chip in. I did so, obeying the command of a superior officer. The men refused to give up. When I reported this to the assistant foreman he said, 'Well, I'll make the men walk a chalk line after this.'"

"I asked him if he wasn't afraid that

## GIRL IS INDICTED AS THE SLAYER OF HER STEPFATHER

Twenty-two-Year-Old Eliza-  
beth Pearsall Called to Trial  
for Manslaughter.

Charged with having stabbed to death Michael Reid, her stepfather, twenty-two-year-old Elizabeth Pearsall was today indicted for manslaughter in the first degree by the Kings County Grand Jury.

The stabbing culminated a family row at the Reid home, No. 1229 Pros-  
pect place, Brooklyn, on the night of April 22. Elizabeth's younger sister, Annie, has attained the "coasting" age, and insisted on the right to receive her beau at the house and entertain him in the parlor. To this Reid objected.

On the night of the tragedy Reid was entertaining a caller, and put out the gas. The friend lit the gas and Reid put it out again. Mrs. Reid upbraid her daughter, and there was a stormy scene, during which Reid struck his wife. Elizabeth, it is charged, had participated in the altercation, and when her stepfather struck her mother she rushed into the kitchen, got a carving knife and plunged it into her step-  
father's heart.

The girl pleaded not guilty, claiming the stabbing was in self-defense.

New Book by Roosevelt.  
CAMBRIDGE, May 12.—Harvard Uni-  
versity announces the publication on May 17 of a new book by Theodore Roosevelt, entitled "Applied Ethics," being one of the William Baldwin series lectures delivered in December, 1910.

Some of the men would complain to Station Chief Dougherty, and he said he didn't care anything about Dougherty.

On his own statement Bontz was fined ten days' pay. When the Commissioner decided that charges be preferred against Semansky and issued an order suspending him from duty pending the trial.

To-Morrow, Saturday  
**Stylish Long Pongee Coat**  
\$5.98  
Actual \$10 Value  
Autoists, travelers and stay-at-homes will all have an interest in this remarkable offer of full length Pongee Coats, for it matters not where you are, a coat of this kind is always indispensable.  
**Black Satin Sailor Collar**  
Could anything be smarter or in better taste than the model illustrated? Its perfect lines, black inlaid satin sailor collar, gauntlet cuffs and handsome brass buttons contributing to make it the "thoroughbred" that it is.  
**Alterations FREE**  
SALE AT ALL THREE STORES  
**Bedell**  
14-16 West 14th Street—New York  
460 and 462 Fulton Street—Brooklyn  
645-651 Broad Street—Newark, N. J.

**LIVE OSTRICHES ON 34TH STREET**  
Two lusty, full grown ostriches from our reservation in Africa are waiting here to show New Yorkers how an ostrich looks before his periodical hair cut for the plumage industry. Incidentally, the public, for the first time in this country, will have the opportunity of seeing every stage of plume making—from the time the feathers leave the ostrich until they are converted into beautiful plumes.  
This free exhibit will be interesting—instructive, too, because not one person in fifty can tell a good plume from a bad one after it is put together. The exhibit will start to-morrow and will continue as long as the ostriches are happy here. Lectures at intervals. Everyone invited.  
**THE LONDON FEATHER COMPANY**  
New York, 21 West 34th Street.  
London, 12 Golden Lane, E. C.

LEGGETT'S  
**Premier**  
BREAKFAST  
COFFEE  
Per Pound, 35c.  
Francis H. Leggett & Co.  
**Heckers' Flour**  
No other Flour has the Quality

Too Good to Escape Imitation.  
**White Rose**  
CEYLON TEA